

SICKPUPPY!

comix

ADULTS
ONLY!





anton

SICK PUPPY COMIX #11

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia www.sickpuppycomix.com ssratu@mailcity.com

"Quite a few steps below the serial killer on civilization's Stairway to Heaven is the racist. Though still capable of the spectacular acts of violence civilized society craves, the racist's psychology - crudely forged from his own failures and the 'enemy's' skin color or size and shape of nose - lacks the mystery and subtlety of the serial killer's. Civilization continues because of the myth of progress or advancement. Today it is the serial killer who represents the apex of dementia - dementia being undiluted civilization. His purely sociopathic mind remains a dense tangle of diseased violent/sexual motivations. The serial killer is a prototype of future civilized man. He is already at the next stage of civilization's evolution, therefore the rest of society gapes in awe at his superior sociopathy. The racist is the simpleton of violence, a neanderthal figure. His inane babblings about *mud races* seem as out-of-date to modern sociopaths as the idea of spontaneous generation seems to modern science to explain the appearance of maggots on raw meat."

也反复出现在一名相对正常的魔鬼
儿童手里的一面海兽脸上: 透过宽

一种最为中性的媒介, 我们将其理解为模
仿, 它给我们一种去射碎这些玩具的万能

- J. Rassoul from THE J MAN TIMES #13

道, 构成一个括约肌: 两个双目深陷 而正是我们的
饱满而高耸的巨乳头盖骨按在一起, 鼻与麦雅的脸面

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES...

Box sent me a package of his stunning art - you can see more at his website- www.nodltd.com/box or write to Box, PO Box 7674, Dublin 1, Ireland. **Susan Butcher and Carol Wood** produce their comix POX, of which a new issue just came out \$5pp from PO Box 1298, St Kilda South VIC 3182. **Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr** have 2 new collections of their work (see this issue's Garage Press) - write to 'em at PO Box 312, Greenacre NSW 2190. **Chris Crielaard** is the man behind Chuck (see Garage Press and ad for Chuck 2 within for contact details). **Mike Diana's Boiled Angel** comix got him thrown into jail on obscenity charges. If you wanna know what all the fuss was about you can order *The Worst of Boiled Angel* from Mike Hunt Publishing - visit the website at www.mikehuntsonfire.com or write for a catalogue - Lion's Paw Inc, PO Box 6366, Chicago IL 60680-6366, USA. Mike can also be contacted through Mike Hunt. **Anton Emdin** is getting sick and tired of being compared to NYC's Kaz, but you know what, it's all his own damn fault! heh heh. Contact Anton through www.antongraphics.com or write to 35 Clarendon Rd, Stanmore NSW 2048. **Louise Graber** produces her goth-themed comix *Black Light Angels* - write to her at PO Box 84, Glebe NSW 2037 or visit the website <http://black.ets.com.au>. **Mannheim Jerkoff** actually looks like a nice, clean-cut guy, yet behind that misleading Richie Cunningham-like façade lies a total, monstrous fiend, who may be contacted through Sick Puppy Comix. **Kapreles**, when he's not blasting his fine, deranged comix into the world, works for the Belgian postal service - write to him at Paleisstraat 7 Bus 3, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium. **Sverre H Kristensen** has sadly passed through to the next dimension, you could try a séance, otherwise check out the Mike Hunt Publishing website at www.mikehuntsonfire.com who will be publishing his meisterwerk *Bad Pills*. **Maccad** produces his Glitter Shy comix, the latest issue of which somehow slipped through the Garage Press net - if you like his fine work in here pick up a copy of GS#4 by sending \$3pp to 9/226 Victoria Ave, Chatswood NSW 2067. **Chris Mikul** is the fellow behind the excellent Bizarism zine which you can pick up for \$5pp from PO Box K546, Haymarket NSW 1240. **Marilyn Pride and Lewis Morley** publish their Peregrine Besset series, \$5pp from PO Box 84, Glebe NSW

2037. **Bruno Nadalin** is the highly talented fiend responsible for Chum comix, and these days contributes to such magazines as Screw and Brutarian - write to Bruno at PO Box 142, Hoboken NJ 07030, USA or brunonadalin@yahoo.com. **David Puckeridge** hasn't produced an issue of Gristle Fern comix in some time but still has back issues available if you dig his work in here - write to PO Box 312, Kingswood NSW 2747. **Johnny Ryan** has 11 issues of his excellent Angry Youth Comix for you - write to Box 22277, Seattle WA 98122-0277, USA. **Glenn Smith** has many fine comix titles under his belt and is also putting together a metal compilation CD which will blast us all into a flailing orgy of retardmetal ecstasy, you just wait and see - write to Glenn at 75 Sampson St, Orange NSW 2800. **Stratu** - that's me, and what you're holding right now (and I'm not talking about your penis, fella) is my baby, Sick Puppy Comix! Born hopelessly retarded in April 1996 but issue by issue struggling and striving to make some kind of difference in this stinking world. Are we succeeding here? Well, that's not for me to say. **Ross Tesoriero** still has a bunch of his Radiation Sickness comix available but mostly these days he's making depraved computer animations - contact Ross through his website <http://ursula.8m.com> or write to 35 Clarendon Rd, Stanmore NSW 2048 or ross@sia.net.au. **Gritt Uldall-Jessen** - apart from conducting the great, final interview with her friend Sverre H Kristensen shortly before his death, Gritt also produces her Mohawk Beaver zine (see Garage Press for review and contact details) and she's working on a theatre performance that will feature Mike Diana and play in Malmö, Sweden later this year. **Ryan Vella** seems to be restricting his comix output to artwork for his band Killrag these days, their CD features hi-powered garage punk tunes with a metallic edge, great stuff - for more info write to PO Box 6, Pleystowe QLD 4741. **DB VelVeeda's** art has appeared in just about every underground publication worth a damn and it is a great honour to have his fine work on our cover - also check out his truly great website www.cheesygraphics.com or write to DBVelVeeda@aol.com and ask to be put on his legendary Pic-of-the-Day list. **JWP Zandvliet** is one of my Netherlands pals and can be contacted at Beeldend Kunstenaar, Heenvlietstraat 3, 3114 VJ Schiedam, the Netherlands or itam@kabelfoon.nl

SICK PUPPY COMIX #11, July 2000. First printing - 500 copies. Published by Rabid Publishing. All contents copyright of the respective creators/authors. Submissions welcome - send good quality photocopies only to SICK PUPPY COMIX, RABID PUBLISHING, PO BOX 93, PADDINGTON NSW 2021, AUSTRALIA. [Technical specifications: Cover stock: 250GSM gloss artboard Internal stock: 100% recycled 80gsm.]

章迨步四野, 从一片林子中慢慢若, 在这两位艺术明星成名之前的玩具作品看, 它们则更显得稚嫩与青涩, 又构成一个象

HORACE HORSFORD, MORAL CRUSADER



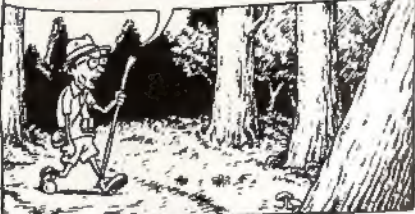
©1999
BRUNO
D. NADALIN

DON'T COME CRYING TO ME
WHEN ALL YOUR 'FREE LOVE'
GETS YOU THE AIDS VIRUS!

Whenever the strain of dealing
with society and its wicked ways
becomes too great, I escape to
the woods to bask in the
pristine beauty of God's creation!



Yes, even I grow weary of doing the
Lord's work! Man is so inclined to
sin and depravity that at times
I fear that I myself may
become infected!



But observing the animals and their
simple habits puts me at ease. It con-
vinces me that God's creations are
intrinsically good, and reinvigorates
my commitment to the redemption of his
most noble
creation—
MAN!



Ah, I believe that's
a red-breasted thrush
in that tree! Let me
get a closer look!



**GOOD LORD! THAT BIRD'S
READING A PORN MAGAZINE!**

M-MAYBE IT'S JUST USING IT TO
LINE IT'S NEST! YES, THAT
MUST BE IT! I'M SURE OF IT.



**MY GOD! NOW IT'S
MASTURBATING!**



AND OVER THERE—
DRUGS!



AND
GAMBLING!



NO!

**OH LORD! THIS ENTIRE
WORLD IS CORRUPT! IT IS
UNWORTHY OF YOUR LOVE!
UNWORTHY OF EXISTENCE
ITSELF!**



THY CREATION HATH TURNED FROM
THEE AND MUST BE PUNISHED!
AS THY ONE TRUE SERVANT, I
COMMAND THEE: UNLEASH THY
WRATH UPON THIS EVIL WORLD!
SHOW NO MERCY TO THE—



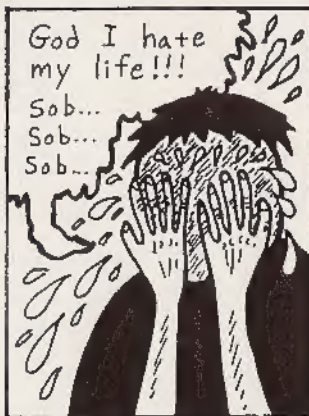
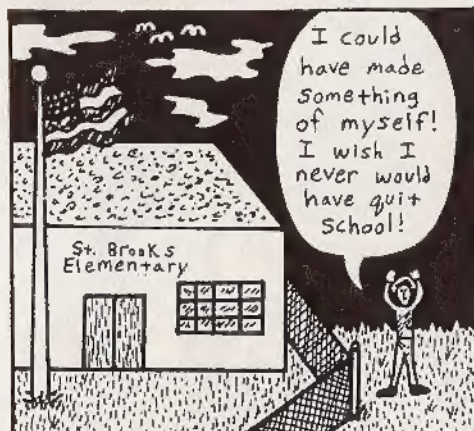
HEY!



**FUCK
YOU!**

END

School Piss-Hole!







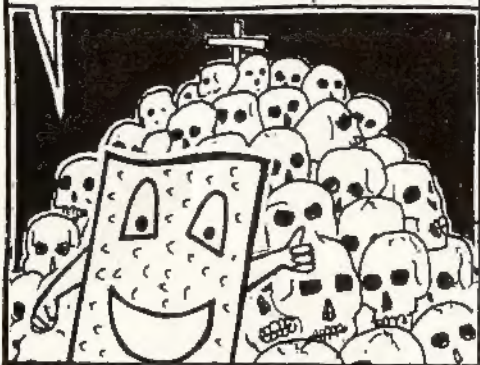
I need some more pills!!!
Sob... Sob. I hate life!

Meet the Pox!

Hi there! My name's Variola major. I'm a particle of smallpox virus, known to virologists as a smallpox brick.



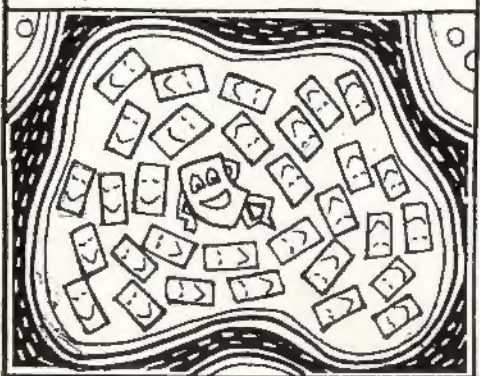
I've killed more of you humans than any other infectious disease. Remember the Black Death? Man, I was cookin'!



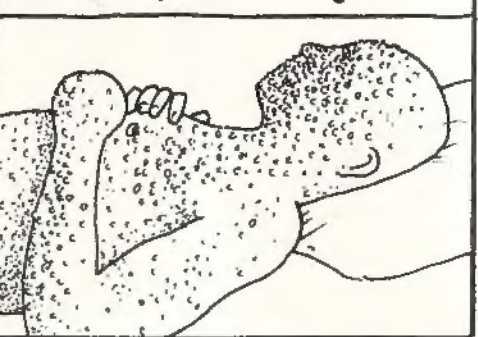
I'm incredibly contagious. Inhale just one of me and you can be infected. First you'll get a fever, then you'll break out in little red spots.



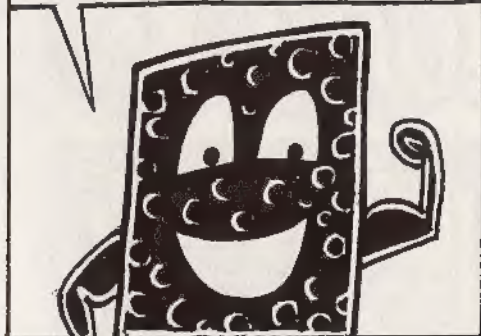
Meanwhile, I'm hiding out in your cells, replicating myself. When there's 100,000 of us - we bust out!



The red spots become pustules that cover the body. The pain is extraordinary. Sometimes the pustules all merge together. Then you die.



Sounds nasty, eh? Well that's ordinary smallpox, but let me tell you, it's a picnic compared to **BLACK SMALLPOX!**



Instead of getting pustules, your skin turns black and slips off in sheets. Your internal organs disintegrate. The lining of your rectum is expelled through your anus.



Now that's what I call a Sick Puppy!

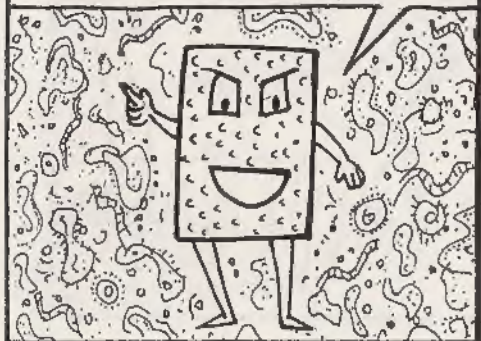
No wonder you guys got tough with a 20 year worldwide eradication program. My last victim was a three-year-old Bangladeshi girl named Rahima in 1975.



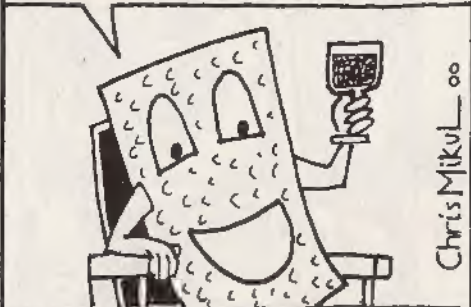
Now they say there's only two stocks of me left in the world - one in America, one in Russia. They're debating whether to kill me off for good.



What a bunch of crap, I say! Fact is, no-one knows how many countries - and terrorist groups - have secret stocks of me.



Meanwhile, you guys haven't been getting vaccinated for years. One outbreak of me would be a worldwide emergency.



Hope to see you soon. Cheers!

Chris Mikul - oo

the FUCKULOIDS

WRITER/ARTIST/LETTERER/RETARD
GLENN SMITH 00.



IT'S THE END OF A LONG
DAY AS THE FUCKULOIDS
STOP FOR ANOTHER CURRY
ON ANOTHER PLANET



IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE
BRUCE, THE STONER APE,
ACCIDENTLY MASHED SPACE-
HERO ROYTRON WITH HIS
CLUMSY, ROCK-HARD ARSE.



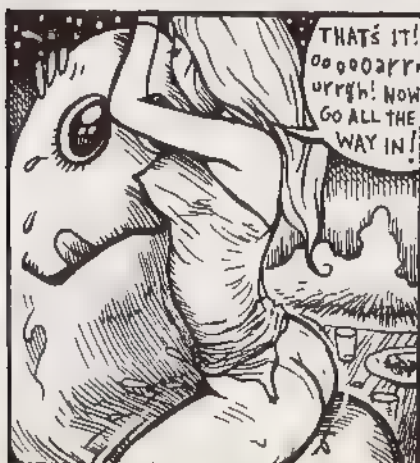
THE WIDOW ROYSTRA
CONTEMPLATES HER
LONELY FUTURE...

WHAT'LL
I DO SLURPO!
sigh...



MY HUSBAND IS DEAD...
AND I'M ALREADY STARTING
TO RUST UP.... IF YOU KNOW
WHAT I
MEAN...
sooh...







DEDICATED TO COM.CFEST 2000 TABLE-MATES: ANTON, ROSS & STRATV.

CHUCK and Griffle
uncensored

Chuck...there's
Something I have
to tell you



this is really hard
for me to say, so
i'll just come out
with it...

I... I...



I'm Gay



I had my
suspicions

I feel
better,
now



MY WAY OR THE HIGHWAY

an interview with **SVERRE H. KRISTENSEN**

first published in **MALEFACT #6**

by **Gritt Uldall-Jessen**

The half-Danish, half-Norwegian comic/video artist Sverre H. Kristensen died of leukemia on the sixth of November, 1997, at a hospital in Århus, east of Jutland in Denmark. He was only thirty-one years old. Sverre was aware that sooner or later he was going to die and that he would possibly be dead and gone by the time his last comic book *Bad Pills* was published. His comment on that was, "It was important to do it! Fuck the rest." Sverre had been ill with leukemia for two-and-a-half years. It had even been in remission at one time. All through his serious illness he kept the "angry as hell" attitude and managed to release the CD "Music to Listen to When You're Dead" with his band Anus Presley, as well as complete *Bad Pills*. Before Sverre became ill he was working as an illustrator for a clothing factory in Herning, producing five logos and illustrations for children's wear every day. In the evenings he would sit down and do his own sick shit. He felt that the cancer had erased everything he had worked for and reached so far. He accepted being ill though, as an expression of nature's law. The funeral ceremony for Sverre took place in Århus in a chapel without any priests being present. Sverre was laid out in an open black coffin, wearing his own clothes. He wished to be burned and have his ashes spread out over the mountains of Norway, something his parents will take care of. This interview is transcribed directly from tape, and translated into English (and edited). It took place at his parent's home in Åbenra on the sixteenth of March, 1997.

Did you ever face problems with the law because of your art?

My only "claim to fame", so to speak, was when my zine *Sewer Cunt* was banned in Australia. I learned about it from a guy who ran an alternative bookstore in Melbourne. His shop and home were raided by some police officers who were looking for child pornography and Satanic material. In his home they found a copy of *Sewer Cunt*. A judge took a look at it and declared it illegal! It was then officially banned in Australia.

What did that mean to you?

Nothing

Do you know if you are able to travel to Australia today?

I don't know. They may have my name in a file somewhere and they may keep an eye on me. Some people who did a fanzine called *Sepsis* in Australia, and who also contributed reviews of porn movies to *Sewer Cunt*, have been busted by the police as well. They had their entire house searched and a lot of things taken. I got a letter from them saying I shouldn't send them any more material because the police checked their mail. So I lost contact with them. It's obvious to me that somebody knows about these zines. Anyway, I'm not planning to go to Australia for the holidays.

What kind of reactions to your work have you had in Denmark?

So far the response has been vague. Most people don't know that a zine like *Sewer Cunt* exists. The reaction to my comic books has been mostly negative. A lot of people don't like them. The reason for that may be some chronic problem from their childhood that they suffer from, like being beaten by their parents, and then they blame it all on my comic.

Explain the idea behind the zine *Sewer Cunt*.

My idea was to create a zine which had it's focus on the hunter and not on the victim. We live in a society where people love victims. There are stories about victims everywhere, victims talking about all sorts of terrible things which have happened to them. I get tired of that. Looking at it from only one viewpoint excludes you from understanding what is really going on. With *Sewer Cunt* I tried to look at it from the view of the criminal. I know there has to be the possibility of looking at things from both sides, but when you keep hearing about things for years from one point of view only, you start wondering if some part of the truth is kept hidden. I wanted to do a zine that was as far-out as possible. I tried to understand the mentality of the serial killers and the psychopaths. Not because I wanted to be like them, but to find out about their motivation and the drive behind what they're doing.

Which serial killers?

John Wayne Gacy was one of them. I corresponded a bit with him. He was a very psycho-manipulative type, pretending to be a nice and innocent guy. But if you read between the lines you learned that he was an asshole.



What subjects did you write with him about?

I asked him how he felt the media had been treating him. How he spent his time in jail. I received standard replies saying, "I'm innocent. I've been treated unfairly. It's all a conspiracy against me." All things such as you could expect from a guy like him. I stopped writing to him because I couldn't get beneath the surface. I would never be able to ask him how it felt to kill those thirty-three people. It reminds me of a story that a friend from Greece told me. He spent four hours visiting Gacy in jail. Gacy kept talking about how innocent he was, meanwhile grabbing at my friend's ass the whole time! (laughter) It tells a little about the mentality of John Wayne Gacy.

Who else was in your zine?

I also published a barbecue recipe by Ottis Toole, a retarded killer from Florida. He mails out a lot of food recipes that he could have been using for cooking small children. He's known as a cannibal. Along with the recipes came the usual jail letters saying, "Hello, I like you. Send more money. I need money to buy tobacco in here!" These serial killers want to rip people off to the end, making their little hustles. I still found it fascinating to receive these things, because the hands that wrote the letter actually killed people. It made me think twice. In my magazine I didn't want to write long articles on why serial killers were the way they were and how terrible it all was. I preferred to do a zine where the things were published just as they were. To print the letters without comments. If the readers were intelligent enough, they could think things out for themselves. I've received a lot of criticism for that. We are used to presenting this stuff from a moral point of view to justify the interest in such material. *Sewer Cunt* was also meant to be a "true crime" zine. The problem with the true crime genre is that the authors always speak of morals at the end of the books. It's so boring. Those releases where the killers get to speak on their own without commentary, like the book *Final Truth* by Donald "Pee Wee" Gaskins, is ten times more fascinating than a normal book.

What is your opinion of serial killers?

You can learn a lot from them. They have some aspects of your personality that I value. They do what they have to do without concern for time, place or morals. You can learn from that. They tell a lot about the world in general. It's a tough, merciless place where everybody wants to kill or fuck each other. The serial killers are real because they do what they want instead of playing a) the intellectual games that people do. I find it an interesting subject.

What drives a person to kill?

I don't think it happens by accident that you wind up being a serial killer.

What's the drive, then?

My theory is that it has to do with their childhood. Those people have been violated badly for such a long time during their childhood that their only way of expressing themselves is by killing other people. It's what they know. They have nothing inside themselves. Their soul has been trapped inside a very little room. They never get in touch with it, and they feel nothing except when they kill. That's my theory. People who try to reject the importance of childhood are mostly people who live in a kind of rejection today. If you wanted to take responsibility for the crimes of today, we should start with the children and try giving them a better life. They will become the criminals of tomorrow. Instead, the focus is on today's criminals. All junkies, prostitutes and hardcore criminals have been violated somehow as children. If they had help expressing themselves in other ways from the beginning, society would look very different.

How did you get into the international scene?

I've always thought that Denmark was a little piece of shit country full of narrow-minded people. Nothing happens here. So I had to look for places with some action.

How did you manage that?

I had a friend in Norway (JR Bruun) who collected tapes and documentaries, and we used to exchange stuff by mail. From him I got information I never knew existed. If you're not satisfied with the level of information you get from the public media, you need to be connected to the sources of the underground. By that time I'd already done a couple of zines and I knew I could only sell fifty copies of each. That's why I started writing in English, to be able to communicate more widely. I just never liked people who thought too small. If art is a way of communicating, my goal is to communicate with the world. I'm not interested in dialogue. I'm going for a one-way communication. You have to listen to me!

What kind of zines or books inspired you?

Publications like *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll*. In the beginning it was a cool zine. Later they became too politically correct. Then I discovered *Boiled Angel* and *Answer Me!*. I found those publications fascinating. I enjoyed watching videos of Charles Manson. I also bought the RE/Search books when they came out. They've meant a lot to the scene. The people of RE/Search are the pioneers. Their book *Incredibly Strange Films* was the first release that made me aware of B-movies and trash films. I used to feel abnormal in a world of normals, but after reading that, I was like, "Hey man, there are other weirdos like myself out there!"

Did you ever think about why you were interested in this kind of material?

I've always felt different from other people. I was always on my own. I didn't belong anywhere. I was an outsider, watching things from outside. It was fascinating to read about other people who were weird because I recognised myself somehow.

Has it anything to do with your childhood?

For sure. My childhood wasn't that abnormal. I was never molested. I was just curious about things that were different. I'm interested in what is beneath the surface. I want to figure out the logic of it all. I also like the effect of shock. It's like getting a buzz. If I watch something extreme I get a kick. I was always out there for new kicks. Then I got used to the stuff and it became boring.

Did you find that it took greater extremes to give you a kick?

Yes, for sure. There's not much left to shock me today. It's a little sad. I've seen it all! No kicks left! (laughs)

What was your last kick?

I was in Norway on vacation. I lived in a small shed twelve kilometres up a mountain. I was sitting outside on a rock, watching how the orange sun was going down. It lit up the mountain. For a few seconds I felt very much alive! It's rare that I feel that way. It was a natural high. I was one with nature. Nature is always beautiful, it's the people who are ugly. One of my goals is to live with nature as much as possible. To return to a more natural view of life. To learn from the animals and their instincts instead of being surrounded by intellectuals. This is also the reason my art is extreme. I like things to provoke a kick and a buzz. Who cares about reading some boring comic with hundreds of pages and where the panels all have the same size and where Donald Duck looks the same on each page?

What happens after having a kick?

Then you're down again. Back to normal. Without negative, there wouldn't be positive

Why do you draw animals that act like human beings?

Because I find that people are stupid and small. They're boring fucks. One-dimensional. I don't want to have anything to do with them. I use animals as characters because it's easier then to take a distance from the real world and create something that is far-out and absurd. Animals are not really walking around acting strange. In the comics I have gone into an imaginary fantasy world which doesn't need to have anything to do with the real world. I'm able then to create a whole unique universe with those kind of animals. I also grew up with *Looney Tunes* on TV, so I'm following a tradition that Tex Avery perfected.

How has your life been so far?

It has been OK. I don't regret anything. I made the choice not to compromise my drawings. I feel good about that. When I look back on my life I of course wish some things had been different. But I'm satisfied. Being lonely is a choice I took. It happens automatically when you've been fucked over by other people. I decided not to open my arms to anybody. It's a natural process. You learn that ninety-nine per cent of the population are idiots. If you think logically, then the consequence is to choose isolation. I find that I make it better on my own than in a group. I'm a control freak. If I'm not having it as I want it, I'm out. As I say, "It's my way or the highway." (laughs)

What do you think of your role as an artist in society?

Follow no rules at all! Anything goes. Everything should be allowed. I would like to see more artists making extreme and provocative stuff. I once saw a headline in a Danish newspaper that said, "Artist Exhibits His Own Dead Mother." That's art! I don't like censorship. Because when you start making rules for art it causes censorship of yourself. Then we end up with a bunch of wimp motherfuckers who don't dare to express what's really on their minds and who make "safe art." I like art to be provocative. Even if it was art against me as a person I would welcome it.

Why did you become an artist?

I've been a lonely child with no one to talk to. I learned to express myself with my hands. By drawing and painting. It's my way of talking.

Why did you choose the audio-visual medium as an artform?

I realised that television was the most powerful medium in the world. If you want to communicate widely it has to be via the TV. If I do a comic there will be about two hundred people who read it. But if I do a film and it's broadcast on television, I would have access to a lot more people. Video and television are media with huge potential. It's just that they're used in a way which makes people even more braindead than they already are. With the videos I did I tried to regenerate and decode the information that I was bombarded with every day via the television. I wanted to program my own brain, so to speak.

Is it enough just to provoke?

It's a method to use if you're a smart artist. PR is important machinery to make people aware of your work. But if you are really serious about what you are doing, the easiest way of getting attention is to shock people. Then in your artwork you'll put some clues or hints for the intelligent people to follow, to point out what you really want to say. What's beneath the

surface. The stupid people will only notice the provocation. A lot of what I'm doing I don't find provocative at all.

What does it mean to your artwork that you are ill with cancer?

It surely makes me believe even more that life sucks. It's just a more serious now. I wonder all the time if this comic I'm working on now (*Bad Pills*) is going to be my last one. According to my choice of subjects, it hasn't changed anything, comics have always been a place for me to laugh at people who are in a situation worse than mine. After being ill with leukemia I have to search even harder to make up situations for the characters to make them feel worse than myself. Because this illness is making me feel so shitty, I also decided that there are a lot of things that I don't want to participate in any more. Small projects with stupid people are out of the question. I want to use my last time on this comic *Bad Pills*. I haven't got time for anything else. It has become much harder. My goal has always been to push things as far as possible. "How far can too far go?" When people are in trouble now in my comics, it's really bad for them. They will get run over once more by a dumptruck or they'll get butt fucked again just because of my situation with leukemia.

Do you do research for your comics?

Yes. For instance I'm working on a comic about some animals in jail ("Prison Toons") who butt fuck and kill each other. As a start I read a lot of prison literature and listened to a lot of gangsta rap to get to know how those niggers talked in jail. It's very important to do research. I want to do things well. I'm very selective of the subjects I choose.

What kind of subjects are those?

Perverted sex and violence. Extreme necrophilia.

Bibliography of Sverre H. Kristensen

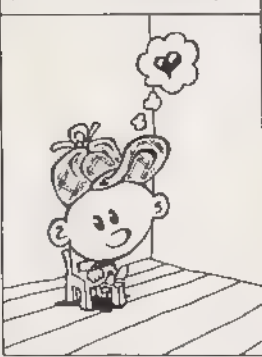
1982-97: Drawings published in MAD (Norway), *Revelation X*, *Konk*, *Fahrenheit*, *Achtung*, *Surf*, *Gateavisa*, *Boiled Angel*, *Ronny*, *Psykorose*, *Kulorte Sider*, *Helter Skelter*, *Sene Journalen*, *Clang*, *Bang Bang*, *Panic*, *Brage*, *Bowling for Souls*, *Malefact Self*. **Published Zines and Comics:** *Skumrende Epileptikere* #1-3 ('86-89), *Voodoo Comics* ('87), *Donald Fuck* ('89), *Sewer Cunt* ('94), *Det Magiske Cirkus* ('95), *Bad Pills* ('97). **Videos:** *Severed Finger Feels All* ('87), *Mosquitomen Invade Town* ('88), *Roadkill* ('88), *Misery 1+2* ('88), *Deep End* ('89), *Anus Presley* ('89), *Mondo Sicko* ('89), *Pray to the Virus* ('92), *Something New to Die For!* ('93), *No Sense Makes Sense* ('94).



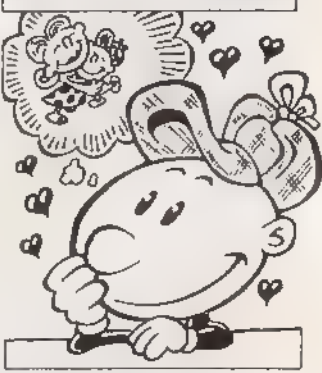
ED USED TO BE A MAN WHO COULD STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET THEN HE MET HIS MOM...



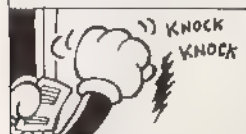
ED LIVED A GOOD LIFE BUT HE FELT SOMETHING WAS MISSING ED BLAMED IT ON NEVER HAVING MET HIS BIOLOGICAL MOTHER



ED USED TO DREAM ABOUT WHAT HIS MOM WOULD BE LIKE, HOW SHE WOULD LOVE HIM AND HOLD HIM TIGHT



THEN ONE DAY ED DISCOVERED HIS REAL MOM'S ADDRESS IN A BUNCH OF OLD PAPERS HIS HEART POUNDED AS HE WENT TO VISIT HER



SHE WASN'T WHAT HE HAD EXPECTED



BUT WHAT COULD HE DO? HE COULDN'T SAY NO TO HIS OWN MOTHER!



THE SITUATION WAS SOON BECOMING UNBEARABLE ED MADE A DRASTIC CONCLUSION



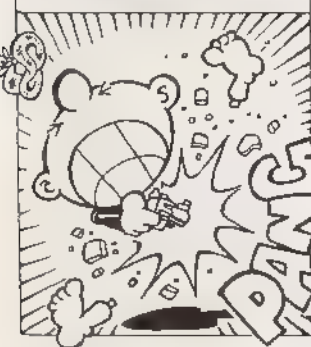
HE HAD TO KILL HIS MAMA!



BUT THEN ED DISCOVERED SOMETHING ODD



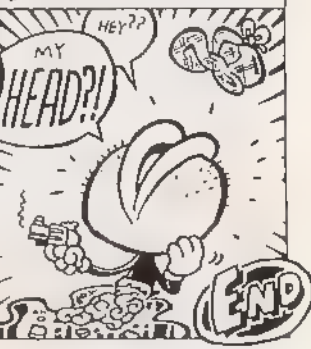
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO



GOD, I FEEL GREAT!



BUT THEN SUDDENLY



VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC

Various Artists: **Extreme Music From Women.**

This is a compilation of experimental works by women assembled by William Bennett and released on the Susan Lawly label. It is one of a set of three compilation CDs, the other two being **Extreme Music From Africa** and **Extreme Music From Japan.**

Before going any further some background on the person who put these compilations together and his music might put things into perspective.

William Bennett is the driving force behind **Whitehouse**, which has been producing harsh and uncompromising electronic music since the advent of the 1980s. In fact, **Whitehouse** and its contemporaries, which includes **Throbbing Gristle** and **SPK**, were the inspiration point of much latter day extreme electronic music, such as dark ambient and Japanoise (**Merzbow**, **Masonna**, **K. K. Null**), etc.

Whitehouse were one of the most confronting and contentious of the pioneering industrial acts of the late '70s and early '80s and remain one of the few which are still active today. Its music utilises blocks of searing white noise intercut with twisting ultrasonic and subsonic frequency shifts and washes of distortion rendered in pink and brown noise. The music has the feeling of being composed, rather than being a jumbled free-for-all mess. It is very defined and deliberate. Purposeful.

Integrated into this are the vocals and sparse lyrics, delivered via hoarse screaming, sardonic sneers, outlandish exclamations and fragmentary abusive statements that are at times electronically altered. The actual lyrical content is invariably concerned with sexual violence, abuse, brute sadism, fascism, bondage and possession, and all with a misogynist twist.

Whitehouse is the very antithesis of the new age movement and presents a viewpoint that is opposed to current political and social ideologies. Those who see themselves as feminists, politically correct and being in tune with all the hip attitudes consider this material to be nothing short of aural rape. More than any other band of its type **Whitehouse** incites hatred from many unprepared listeners.

But to think that **Whitehouse** is all about ear-shredding noise and misogynist vitriol is to miss the point. It is an exploration of taboo attitudes, anxieties and extremes. This music is violently non-conformist and performed with considerable integrity. It does not imitate but innovates.

It is an acquired taste, intrusive and demanding listening, and even after being active for the better part of two decades **Whitehouse** still adheres to its initial vision.

It might never attain widespread popularity but neither will it lose its identity and be swallowed into the vast quagmire of mediocrity which has devoured so many other promising musical developments.

Whitehouse stands firm in an age that has seen punk rendered into diluted pop-puke, the gods of metal endlessly regurgitate hackneyed riffs as they de-evolved into mainstream mush, industrial music lurch to a vapid disco beat and electronic music noodle its way into ever diminishing cycles of insipid new-aged world-music lameness and ambience.

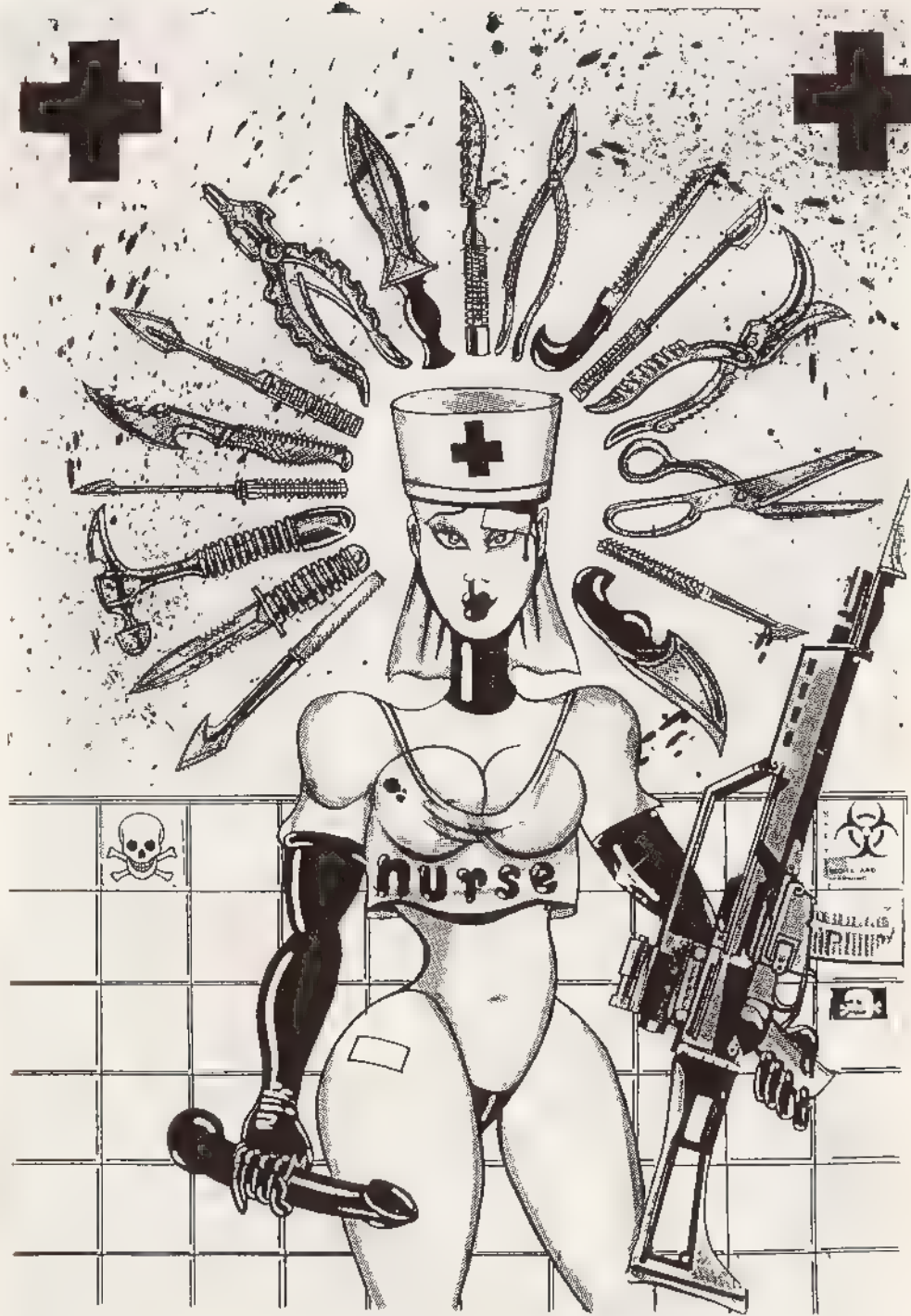
It is precisely a musical environment such as this which needs bands like **Whitehouse**. It serves to redress the balance.

It is ironic that one so despised by the masses of the PC and virtually anything which calls itself a feminist should present such a diverse and engaging compilation of new music by women. The artists on **Extreme Music From Women** are fiercely experimental yet definitively feminine. The sounds on this CD range from outright power-electronics, impressionist noise and concrete to free improvisation. In this collection you'll find intimacy and intricacy alongside raging aggression and chaotic fury. Musical mood-swings are rife, rising up from the bowels of despair, swinging over to icy hate, dipping briefly into sublime serenity or crashing violently into intense rage. Sometimes a satirical, even playful element can be perceived creeping in.

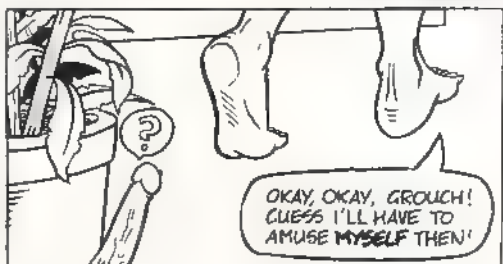
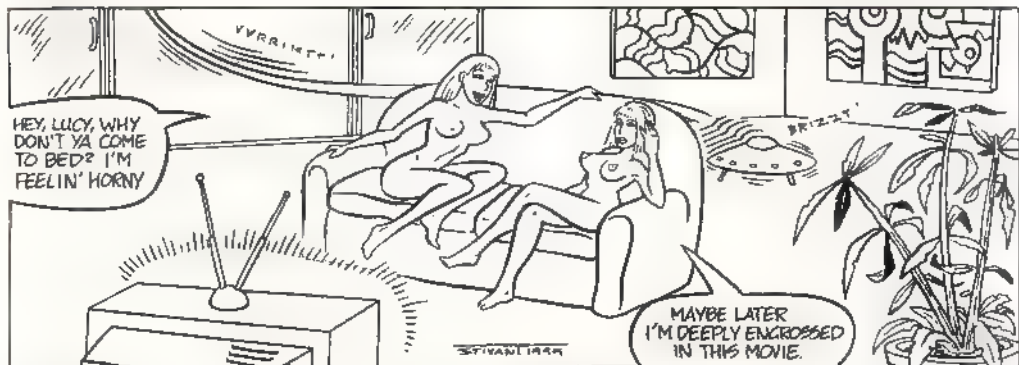
The origins of the artists are equally diverse - USA, UK, Europe, Asia, Australia, et al.

Over the years there has been a lot of excellent experimental music created by women. The works of **Pauline Oliveros**, **Diamanda Galas**, **Cosey Fanni Tutti**, **Dagmar Krause** and **Lydia Lunch** represents a mere fraction of them and the artists on this compilation are as interesting as any one of them.

Forget **Madonna**, **Spice Girls**, **Alanis Morissette** and the endless ocean of their bleating contemporaries. These are not modern women forging a new music. You won't find innovation or individuality among that lot. Though they hide behind notions of post-modern feminism and some PC myth of liberated feminine expression the truth is that they are ultimately dull and uncreative, often just the puppets of manipulative record companies. If you want to sample what modern female artists are *really* capable of, listen to **Extreme Music From Women**.



BAPHOMET'S BIMBOS



garage press

comix and zine reviews by stratu

-- send your comix and zines to SICK PUPPY COMIX - RABID PUBLISHING PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA --

Note: * preceding the title indicates that the artist's work is featured in this issue of SICK PUPPY

ANGRY YOUTH COMIX #11 (\$US2 from Johnny Ryan, Box 22277, Seattle WA 98122-0277, USA - superjohnny69@hotmail.com)

My friend Bruno Nadalin encouraged Johnny to send me his comic and Jumpin' Jesus I'm sure glad he did cos this one had me laugh ng so hard I blasted a great green gooey wad of snot outta my nose - undeniable proof of the high quality, deranged humour within. My favourite strip here is 'Sign! Sign! Everywhere a Sign' in which our hero rebels against each and every sign he encounters, one of which declares: "Do Not Suck the Sweet Dick of this Sexy Mule!" Our rebel active y defies this sign and screams, "Now they're tryin' to take away our God-given right to suck mule cock! Well I say, fuck 'em!" Fuck 'em, indeed!

BARCODE THE WORLD #21 (\$2 from Con, PO Box 341, Five Dock NSW 2046 - bctw@start.com.au)

I turn the first page of Con's latest punk zine and the first thing my eyeballs are assaulted by is a photograph of a sewn-up cunt - now that's punk, punk. Alongside a number of interviews with punk/hardcore bands, you'll also find a report on the dangerous use of capsicum spray and 'Things We Wouldn't Know If it Weren't for Movies', one of em being "When you turn out the light to go to bed, everything in your room will still be clearly visible, just slightly bluish". There's also lots of reviews and punk mail order contacts.

BETTY PAGINATED #21 (\$5 from Dann Lennard, PO Box A1412, Sydney South NSW 1235 - danhelen@dx.com.au)

BP now has a nice colour cover - at the better to appreciate those flesh tones, I say. In addition to the usual multitude of nudie pix (check out muscle-bound and silicon boobed Dawn Whitham!) and 'wrasslin' updates, there's an OZ censorship report from Helen Ynuik (editor of Australian Women's Forum) "virtually all (AWP, reader's letters must be toned down, some almost beyond recognition. What's left are not women's sexual fantasies, but the fantasies that the OFLC (Office of Film & Literature Classification) thinks women should be having. Elsewhere check out Dann's 'A-Z of Nostalgia' plus a very funny 'Y'know You're a Wrestling Fan When... list - for example, "Every time you leave a room you shout, "AND THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE, SON!" The whole shebang wraps up with Dann's usual tonne of reviews to cap off another fine issue.

(Note: BP#22 The Porn Issue should be out by the time you read this)

CHARNEL HOUSE Vol. 2 #1 & DEVILUTION #1 (\$5 each from SCAR, PO Box 312, Greenacre NSW 2190)

Opinion on Steve and Antonette's work is divided to say the least. In fact they seem to be far more appreciated in Europe and the US. Love 'em or hate 'em, though, the fact is that in all likelihood they will be pumping out their finely rendered, sex and violence laden tales of mutant horror long after their detractors have opted for a quiet life in the suburbs. Fuckin' pussies.

Here's two new 'best of' collections featuring recent and not-so-recent material that has appeared in such discerning publications as SICK PUPPY, MALEFACT and EROS, along with some brand new, never-before seen work.

CHUCK #2 (\$US10 pp from Chris Cnelaard, Via Regia 180N, 6217RA Maastricht, Holland)

Sadly, the first issue of this incredible book (seized by British Customs and banned in the UK) is out of print and no longer available. Well hell - I haven't seen it myself but that didn't prevent me from enjoying this futuristic, sex-fuelled headfuck.

It opens with Chuck (a massive, bizarre-looking beast) in some kind of traumatised state, but soon enough he is swept into the filming of some heavy porn action (for an underground TV channel) with a cast of gorgeous, leather and spike-clad girls (one is a Cicciolina look-alike) and some Clockwork Orange type guys. Noteworthy here is the amazing, stylised art and the protracted, eye-popping sex scenes where no hole goes unfilled.

Don't be put off by the \$US10 price tag - this is a chunky, sick item printed on nice glossy paper and is worth every cent. Plus the cost covers postage to anywhere in the world. (See elsewhere for ad)

CRIMSON CELLULOID #4 (\$1 from PO Box 352, Plympton SA 5038)

Co Edited by David Nolte and SICK PUPPY's own infamous Mannheim Jerko! The latest issue of CC features a couple of porn reviews from Nolte (who demands bigger cocks in Japanese porn), Michael 'FATAL VISIONS' Helms talks movies with a focus on DVD



END-OF-MILLENNIUM SPECIAL



CHARNEL HOUSE Vol. 2 #1

product, TV reviews from Mannheim (who ca is for Jane Kennedy to be given her own show preferably "a combination comedy/lingerie thing", an interview with white supremacist uberman Rev Matt Hale (leader of The World Church of the Creator), there's also a great roundup of 'Assorted Nutters', like the psychotic sex shop proprietor Mannheim encountered in his unquenchable thirst for porn. CC is a great zine, as rough as guts as it is - Senor Nolte will never be mistaken for somebody with graphic design sensibilities, that's for damn sure.

CRUEL WORLD #7 (\$3.50 from Anton Emdin, 35 Clarendon Rd, Stanmore NSW 2048 - www.antongraphics.com)

First thing I found once I'd got past another stunning colour cover is 'The Taming of the Shrewd', a seemingly autobiographical story about Anton's ex girlfriend and their less than-Mills & Boon life. There's other funny-as-hell strips like 'Porn Again Penis', 'Trendy Nosejobs of the Future' and 'These are a few of my favourite things (to hate)'. Anton's art goes from strength to strength, and while you're laughing yr damned head off at his consistently funny strips, you're also aware of his frequent insights into the essence of this great bunch of retarded monkeys otherwise known as the human race.

Brenda Loew's EIDOS Vol 11 No 1 Issue 41 (\$US5 from PO Box 96, Boston MA 02137-0096, USA - www.eidos.org)

EIDOS is an abbreviation for Everyone Is Doing Outrageous Sex and has apparently been "Entertaining Adults in the Loew Tradition Since 1917". While I'm by no means an expert on erotic zines, this one definitely seems to be the business. There's erotic stories, poetry, letters, photographs (you'll never see photos like these in Playboy, that's for sure), contact ads, zine reviews (really eye-opening). Remember back in the Betty Paginated review where Ms Vnuuk complains about censorship? Well, there's none of that here - EIDOS prides itself on total sexual freedom no matter how socially condemned one's taste or fetish may be. Strongly recommended. (Thanks to Rod Leighton for sending me this)

THE J MAN TIMES #15 (\$US\$1 from J Rassoul, 2246 St Francis #A-211, Ann Arbor MI 48104, USA -

<http://hometown.aol.com/theliman99/index.html>)

One of the more noteworthy 'discoveries' for me of recent times has been Mr Rassoul's 'The J Man Times'. The one and only Jim Goad (another J Man!) mentioned Jeff's zine when asked where was the best writing to be found in zineedom.

The most striking element of Jeff's writing is not only that he seems to know the Bible like the back of his hand, but scattered throughout his notes on white supremacists, his stories of events and interactions from his own life, and his reviews of books and movies, he introduces Bible quotes to strengthen his argument or position. You know, usually when Christianity is introduced anywhere in a piece of writing, you can be sure the author is either some 10 watt fundamentalist boob, or some rebellious teen nutcase ranting away with retarded abandon and bragging about what a great job he does sucking Satan's cock. Yet here is a guy whose writing is loaded with razor sharp insights and humour and is, at the same time, a man with a formidable knowledge and respect for the Bible's teachings. This zine, and the man behind it, is something very special indeed.

MALEFACT #7 (\$US7 FROM PO Box 464, Alexandria VA 22313-0464, USA - <http://vaaultofperversions.com/malefact/>)

Arguably the zenith as far as extreme art anthologies go, Malefact is a very chunky, superbly presented collection of sometimes nauseating, often confrontational, always uncompromising art. In this issue you get such heavyweights as Ivan Brunetti, Mike Diana, Trevor Brown, Steve Carter, Antoinette Rydyr, Chris Crieland, Jim Blanchard, Bruno Nadalim, DB VelVeada along with an unholy host of other sick, talented fiends. Here's a zine that deserves a place on any self-respecting extreme art aficionado's bookshelf. Strongly recommended.

MILK BAR/RACING CAR (\$5 in any currency from PO Box 1255, North Fitzroy VIC 3068 - <http://come.to/milkbar>)

The second edition of this square-bound anthology, half of which is comics and text stories, the other half comics and zine reviews. I can't say the prose stuff in here appealed to me, what I did enjoy were the comics (from folks like Neale Blanden, Mandy Ord, Susan Butcher & Carol Wood, Ben Hutchings and Q-Ray) and the extensive reviews, including one of SP#9 by somebody called Klutch Kargo, who was most impressed by this publication. Alternatively, co-editor Richard Vogt reprints a large number of letters from the SP MAILBAG to capture the ongoing debate along the lines of 'How sick is too sick?' There's also a piece Richard asked me to write on the motivations behind SICK PUPPY (The next edition, with a 'work' theme, should be out by the time you read this).

MOHAWK BEAVER #8 (\$US3 from Grit Uldall-Jessen, Jactvej 52 B 1TH, 2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark - mohawkbeaver@hotmail.com;

Subtitled 'A Zine Dedicated to the Clits of Tomorrow', here's what I guess you would call a feminist zine. I really dug this one, which is not full of rabid male-hating venom as you might expect, but stuff like writings on menstruation, western women traveling in Muslim cities like Cairo, anarchist poetry from underground NYC filmmaker Nick Zedd, writing from

ISSUE # The J Man Times

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The Beast

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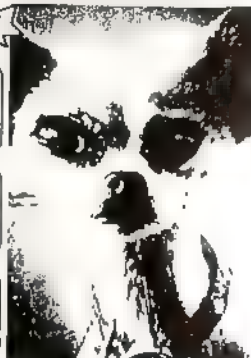
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A Piece For Your Thoughts

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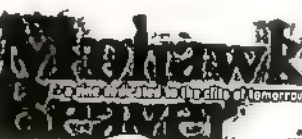
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WOUND



Book & Movie Reviews

Guest Poetry



drag kings, a report from the Coney Island Sideshow (read 'freakshow'), plus reports of sexist experiences, threats and assault. Recommended, especially for those tuff grrls among you thinking of starting yr own zine.

MOSHI MOSHI #2 (\$5pp from PO Box 272, Blacktown NSW 2148 - www.anime.com.au/artst/)

Here's a quarterly anthology produced by Australians who share a love of Japanese anime and manga. I've only seen issue #1 and it's a neat little production, although lacking somewhat in the more deranged and perverted aspects of Japanese manga I value so highly. But if manga is your thing then you're certainly not gonna want to let this one slip under your radar.

NO FRILLS #3 (\$2 from PO Box R420, Royal Exchange NSW 1225 -
sevenuy@hotmail.com)

This one's an anarcho/humour zine - this issue includes arguments for bill posters, a piece on tracking (computer music), an interview with experimental Sydney label Dual Plover, plus 'How to Start a Zine'

PANISCUS REVIEW #2 (\$US3 from PO Box 464, Alexandria VA 22313-0464, USA)

This sure is no average review zine. Put together by Malefact's Tom 'Fuckin' Crites, this is chock full of detaled, insightful, sharply written album, video and print reviews. The great thing about this zine, aside from the excellent writing, is the material covered, especially the vids, books and zines, which are about as extreme and underground as it gets, like the video 'Bunman: The Untold Story' - a Category III Hong Kong 'True Crime' flick that is "the grisly, grisly peak of it's genre", and where "the scenes of violence are sudden, unusual and shocking". In the print section you'll find reviews of no-holds barred headkickers like Dr Randa I Phillip's 'Fuck' zine, and a super long review of 'Final Truth' - the autobiography of 100+ serial killer Peewee Gaskins. This zine is the shit, no doubt about it - you want a directory that takes you to the pounding extremes, then here it is. Highly recommended.

PURE EVIL underground comix anthology (from Dead Xerox Press, PO Box 348, Flemington VIC 3130)

Real ya' high production values here, real nice, small and square, featuring Neale Blanden, Michael Fikaris, Kieran Mangan, Q Ray (his Biblical J way sex/death frenzy between a young girl, ex Victorian Premier Jeff Kennet and Oz PM John Howard must be seen - amazing work), Carol Butcher & Susan Wood, Tim Danko, Mandy Ord, Gregory 'Not Greg' Mackay, Anna Brown, Kimly Schell and Gerard Ashworth I got #167 of a 333 print run, so if you're interested, write first for availability. A real gem.

RE:VULVA GRRL the urinator #2 (\$2 from PO Box 1298, St Kilda South VIC 3182
- vulvagrll@yahoo.com.au)

Comix and text pieces from some young chicks with strap-on-dicks, dealing with such concepts as the demand for free tampons/pads, and the pros and cons of girls squatting/sitting/standing to urinate. Is it a symbol of female subservience to sit while pissing? This zine will plug you right into this fascinating debate.

● **SOMETHING ELSE** graphic zine (\$US2 from Kaprelas, Paleisstraat 7 Bus 3, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium)

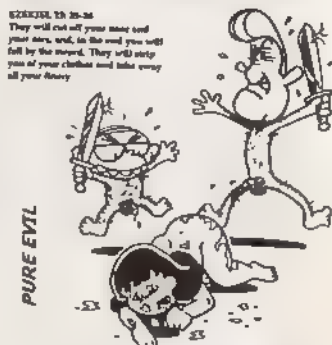
There's no doubt about it. Kapreles is a psychotic spazz, but a very funny psychotic spazz who makes great, insane comic. Along with his fine, demented work in this boss anthology, you also get mad shit from Marcel Ruijters, Blair Wilson, Ron Rege, Fuddin' Crites, Strati, Leo Quevrevreux, Gritt Uldall Jensen, Chris Crieleard, Sean Bieri, Marcel Hermis, Claudio Parentela and Zookie. As you go from page to page, the rabid spazz energy of the drawings here build and build to give you those sick, orgasmic shudders you crave. Bring it on.

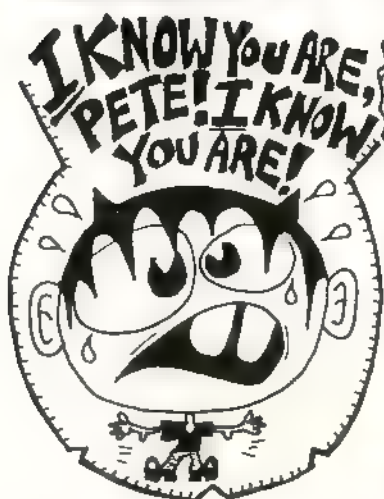
• THE SYDNEY MORNING HELL #2 (\$2.50 from Glenn Smith, 75 Sampson St, Orange NSW 2800 – retardmetal@hotmail.com)

In a vain attempt to unstuck my overdriven eyeballs from the pages of Glenn's latest book, I'm struck by the image of great masses of lesser ink jockeys staring drooling at these pages, their hearts breaking in absolute humble deference to the awesome power of his vision and execution. Wrapped within a cover made from recycled Gravox packaging, you get Glenn's pugs for other comix and mailorder pals, awesome full page illustrations, strips, a childhood photo of Glenn and his brother, and along for the ride Ben Hutchings' 'Retarded Girl at the Airport' and 'Crazy Bike Fun', plus Kristen's 'Things I Wish I Said on Rick Lake'. Most highly recommended indeed. You need this like you need oxygen, baby.

YOU STINK & I DON'T #6 (\$3 OR \$US2 from Ben Hutchings, Green Comix, 5
Langridge St, Wanniasse ACT 2903 - geen@hotmail.com)

Goddamn it now all these fuckin' upstart Aussies are goin' and gettin' colour covers! Well, I say it's about time too. Anyway, Ben's art sure is looking snappy these days folks, and his alternating sharp/spazzy humour is right on target, especia ly in the first strip in which, in an anthemc lyric style, Ben takes aim on members of the White Power, Aryan Nation, Neo Nazi, Christian Identity etc, gang. See also Ben's amazing upside-down comic, and the strip 'Captain Curiosity', who believe it or not I can actually relate to, since we both have this retarded habit of smeleng everything that comes within reach. The whole package is totally boss, really tops, and flat-out fuckin' unreal. Highly recommended





PURE FILTH

reviewed by MANNHEIM JERKOFF

Hey, I know you. You and your 'hipper-than-thou' cheap cynicism. Nothing phases you. You are determined not to be impressed because that would undermine your carefully cultivated capacity for coolness. You and your suave, unflappable persona. You fucking creep. You flake. Even spectacularly shocking and surprising stimuli barely registers a solitary arched eyebrow. Heaven forbid life should engage you and animate your insular, smug aloofness. Well, if you think you're unshockable and that your 24 carat indifference will protect you from suffering the rigours of having an emotional response, and everything is "been there, done that", then you may care to check out PURE FILTH. C'mon, how bad can it be? Surely you've seen it all before and 10 times more extreme? I don't think so.

When even an emetic fails to nauseate you, and your dope-induced inertia is impenetrable by industrial-strength doses of disgust, PURE FILTH will do the job nicely. You'll be too visually violated to remain bored (no matter how hard you try).

PURE FILTH is simply a compilation of caustic collage, extreme scenes from around the world - some real, some fake. But whoever pieced it together has access to the most full-on shit unavailable.

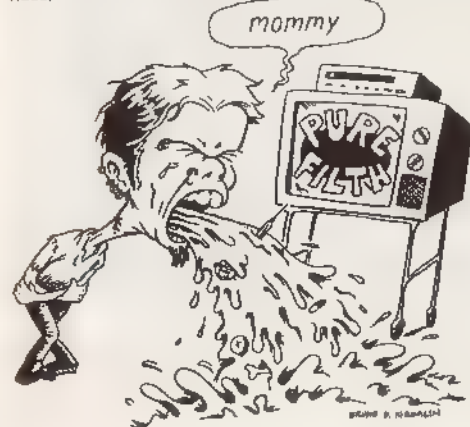
If you want to venture into the world of hardcore extremity (and if not then why are you dabbling with SICK PUPPY?) then PURE FILTH is your entry ticket.

It opens with leprous, deformed beggars clattering up some third world shithole, then a cavalcade of snuff - people trampled to death by horse, bull, elephant. Interviews with retard serial killer Ottis Toole and various rape and violence victims and perpetrators intercut with spectacular footage of riots and deformities, Italian gore and gut-churning extremities of European snuff and Japanese violent sexual debasement, people being shot, stabbed, vomited on. It's a shit-eating, blood-splattering, life-extinguishing mutilation fest.

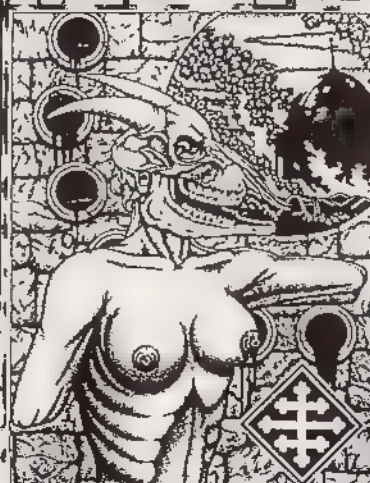
Death, atrocity, rape, murder and people behaving at their most base level. How far would you have to sink before you could proclaim that you have hit rock-bottom? Having several people shit in your mouth, lying patiently agape as they fart, strain and splatter, squatting inches from your face, poised to defecate? Or perhaps eagerly felling an engorged horse cock?

There's sex with pig, dog, donkey, sheep, chicken, even a tapir, and I'm not talking about some withered old mole gingerly licking some reluctant animal dick. I'm talking inter-species penetration where attractive young girls submit to a pummeling violation by mammoth phallus of our farmyard friends, and a deranged loser schtupping and conholing a sheep and a chicken all for your viewing pleasure.

If you think you can handle viewing anything then this video will prove you wrong. So take the tasteless test of filth purity and write to PO BOX 825, GYMEA NSW 2227, AUSTRALIA for more information on how to procure a copy of this supreme video.



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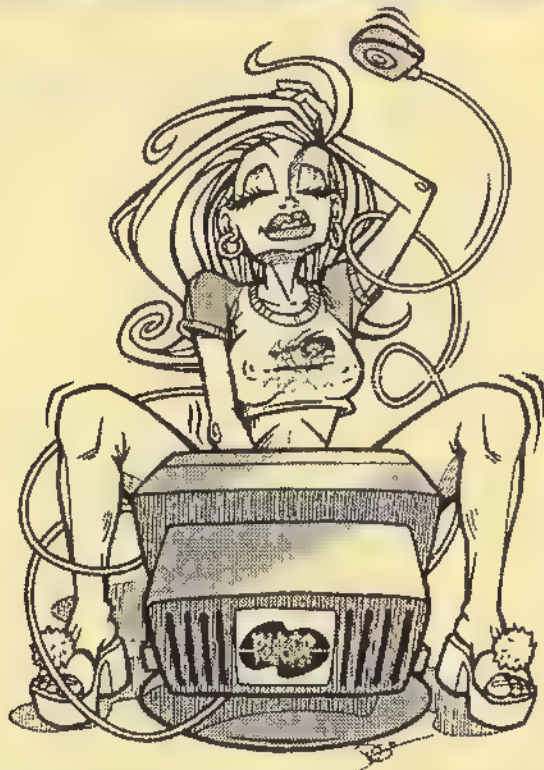
FUCK

magazine

<http://menschenfeind.com/fuck/>



FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE



THEY TRIED TO STAMP US OUT! DEFACING BOOKS, BREAKING OUR WINDOWS AND SENDING IN THE THOUGHT POLICE, POLYESTER BOOKS REFUSE TO CAPITULATE TO THE MALIGNANT FORCES OF THE CONSPIRACY. USING A TECHNIQUE SO POWERFUL IT'S PROBABLY ILLEGAL, WE ARE NOW INFECTING THE ALL PERVERSIVE INTERNET SYSTEM WITH FREE HARDCORE PORNO VIRUSES & BRAINWASHING CYBERSEX LOGARITHMS. SAY FUCK OFF TO BIG BUSINESS, CONSERVATIVE MEDIA COMPANIES & CHILD SAFE SITES CLOGGING UP THE WORLD WIDE WEB.

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TESORIERO 2000



SICK PUPPY COMIX #11

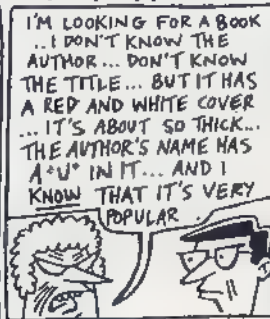
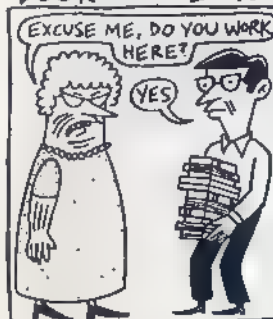
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general pathology - sadism [b] mutilation of corpses. Case 24

Ardissori, born in 1872, belonged to a family of criminals and insane. At school he learned readily; he was not addicted to drink, had no epileptic antecedents, had never had an illness, but was rather weak-minded. The man who adopted him and with whom he lived was a moral outcast. When A. reached puberty, he practiced masturbation and would drink his own semen because "it would be a pity to lose it." He ran after the girls, but could not understand why they shunned him. In places where women had urinated, he would drink the urine. He did not think that there was anything wrong about this. He was looked upon in the village as a venal felon. With his adopter he shared the favors the beggar women who stayed overnight at their house. He was fond of fornication, was a breast fetishist, and loved to suck breasts. Later on he fell into necrophilia. He exhumed cadavers of females ranging from three to sixty years of age, sucked their breasts, practiced cunnilingus on them, but rarely coitus or mutilation. Once he carried away the head of a woman, at another time the whole corpse of a little girl three and a half years old. After his ghastly deeds he would properly rearrange the grave. He lived isolated by himself, was at times very morose, and never showed signs of warmth or sensibility. As a rule, however, he was not of an evil disposition, even when in prison. Several times he worked as a stonemason. Remorse and shame over his misdeeds were unknown to him. In 1892 he worked temporarily as a gravedigger. He deserted from the army and then took to begging from house to house. He loved to eat rats and cats. When arrested and returned to the regiment he deserted again. He was not punished because he was not held responsible. Dismissed from the army, he again became a gravedigger. When a girl of seventeen who had very prominent breasts was buried, his old passion awoke again. He unearthed the cadaver and profaned it in his usual manner. This became a common occurrence. One time, he took home the head of a woman, covered it with kisses and called it his bride. He was caught after he had taken home the body of a child three and a half years old, which he had secreted in the straw. With this he gratified his sexual desires, even when the putrid body was falling to pieces. The stench that filled the house betrayed him. Laughingly he admitted everything. A. was of small stature, prognathous and feeble; skull symmetrical, general tremor, genitals normal, without sexual emotion, intelligence very limited, devoid of all moral sense. A. was pleased with prison life (Epaulard, *Vampirisme*).

- from PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS by Krafft-Ebing 1886 [this edition Bloat Books 1999]

BookStore wlsEgUy by J. Jerk



'RETARDED, DOG-FEATURED MADONNA AND CHILD' SIDE

--- cover by Ross Tesoriero ---

2 - art by Glenn Smith

3 - here

4 - SPICE SLUTS by Maccad

5-7 - TAMPON DOG AND GIANT DICK by Kapreles

8-9 - POKE IT WITH A STICK by Ross Tesoriero

10-11 - TOM CRUISE IS NOT GAY! By Johnny R

12 - Baz

13 - Bruno D Nadalin

14-15 - MANNHEIM JERKOFF'S LOSER FILE

16 - Mike Diana

17 - THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE GUN NUTS AND DRAG

QUEENS by Susan Butcher & Carol Wood

18-20 - BLACK LIGHT ANGELZ by Louise Graber

21 - FUNNY DOG by JWP Zandvliet

22-23 - CANINE ORGY 2000 by David Puckeridge

24 - Steve Carter

25-27 - RED WORLD STORIES by M Pride & LP Morley

--- centrefold by Ryan Vella ---

'KNEELING, JIZZ-SPLATTERED MICKEY MOUSE FAN' SIDE

cover by DB VelVeeda

2 - Anton Emdin

3 - contributor notes

4 - HORACE HORSFORD, MORAL CRUSADER by Bruno D

Nadalin

5-7 - SCHOOL PISS-HOLE by Mike Diana

8-9 - MEET THE POXI! By Chris Mikul

10-12 - THE FUCKULODS by Glenn Smith

13 - CHUCK AND GRIFFLE uncensored by Anton Emdin

14-16 - MY WAY OR THE HIGHWAY - an interview with Sverre

H Kristensen by Gritt Uldall-Jessen

17 - PUSSY WHIPPED by Sverre H Kristensen

18 - VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC - 'EXTREME MUSIC FROM

WOMEN' reviewed by Steve Carter

19 - NURSE by Chris Crielgaard

20 - BAPHOMET'S BIMBOS by Steve Carter & Antoinette

Rydyr

21-23 - GARAGE PRESS - comix and zine reviews by Stratu

24 - SHIT PETE CHOC KING by Stratu

25 - PURE FILTH reviewed by Mannheim Jerkoff

26 - SICKBAG - the Sick Puppy mailbag

27 - PolyEster Books ad

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GERI

EXIT

GERI
Power

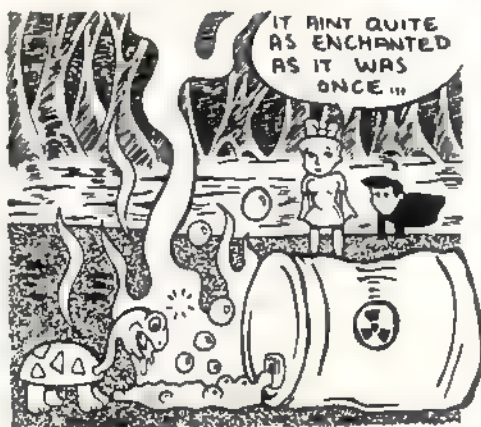
© 1994 Marvel Comics

ALRIGHT, SPICE SLUTS! LOOKS TO
ME LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO LASH
IN ON 'OL GERI'S MOVE TO A
SOLD CAREER! VERY NAUGHTY!
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUNISH
YOU ALL SEVERELY... WHO'S
GONNA BE FIRST...?



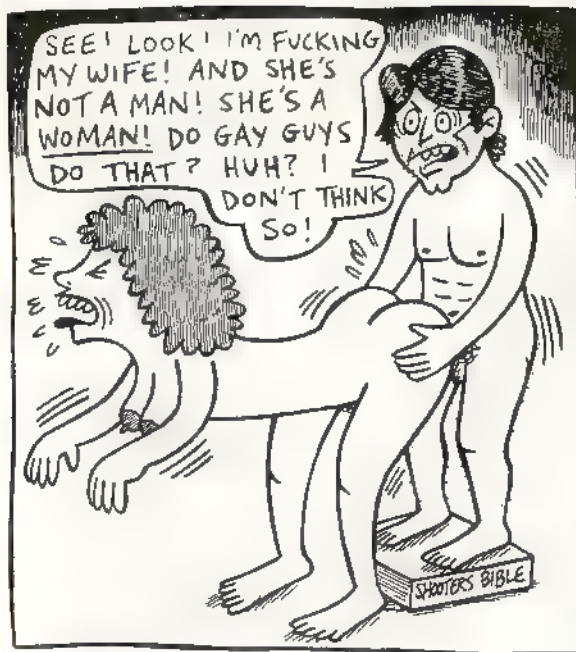








TOM CRUISE IS NOT GAY!



EVEN IF I WAS GAY, WHICH I'M NOT, I WOULDN'T HAVE TIME CUZ I'M CHEATING ON MY WIFE ALL DAY LONG WITH THESE HOOKERS! FEMALE HOOKERS!



AS A MATTER OF FACT I HATE GAYS! WATCH ME BEAT THE SHIT OUTTA THIS GODDAM QUEER!



BOY! I SURE GAVE THAT FAGGIT THE BUSINESS! I HATE GAYS CUZ I'M NOT GAY!



SO AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE, I'M NOT GAY! I'M NOT GAY! I SWEAR TO GOD I'M NOT GAY! PLEASE BELIEVE ME! PLEASE!!



MORAL: TOM CRUISE IS WICKED GAY!

Johnny R '99





MANNHEIM JERKOFF'S LOSER FILE

We've all experienced an encounter with a loser – the unfortunate sod who was born under a bad star, whose life seems to have been cursed with more terrible fate than should befall any one person. People who are ugly, dull, clumsy and stupid simultaneously. They trip over a phone cord, spill the coffee and smash their misshapen skull on the table in a flustered panic, attempting to rectify the disaster area that continually surrounds them like a personal odour of misfortune.

They may mean well, they may try hard, but they still fuck up. An invisible legion of demons surround them, causing grief at every opportunity. Most people ignore or avoid them, motivated by a superstitious conviction that the stain of misfortune is contagious, or simply try to clear a wide enough radius (avoiding proximity) to escape the wake of destruction, spilled drinks, broken glass, spittle flying and menacing slobbs who take exception to some loser geek trying to mix it with the normal people.

Ostracised, alienated and alone, their fledgling self esteem plummets to paranoid insecurity and despair. An air of desperation underscored with constant apology. They awkwardly grapple for a tolerant ear, a sympathetic friend, yet end up saying or doing the wrong thing anyways.

Laughing at the unfortunate is a cruelty that is endemic in this culture. Old ladies slipping on banana peels, a klutz tumbling down a staircase. Perversely, it reinforces a sense of universal justice – the weak are punished for their weakness, so all is right with the world. The physically ugly go unloved, the clumsy get injured, the stupid get exploited and the dull get ignored. Why should reality be otherwise?

Porn has it's share of losers, and whilst there can never be a definitive 'world's biggest loser' (since there's always some idiot having a shot at the title), here's a few prime contenders

BAD MAMA JAMA II – *Bad Mama Jama* is a loser contender herself, but the skinny white guy featured on the cover is a world class loser. For the uninitiated, *Bad Mama Jama* is an ugly, fat, black slut who is not simply a slobby, beer-guzzling, pizza-munching sloth, she's a 'glandular problem'-afflicted, obese behemoth. Puffy folds of dimpled fat smother her ample frame. She resembles a huge turd creature.

I guess that anyone *this* disgusting finds concepts like 'self esteem' to be alien and unfathomable.

This shit coloured monstrosity sells her wretched carcass to porn and they get some tiny, skinny white

bloke (who must be heavily into degradation) to hump the Michelin Woman. As if that isn't bad enough, the topper was having a big, black, sweaty bull cram his thick coontool deep into whitey's poop shoot, thereby nailing his frail frame into position as his little pecker drills into *Mama Jama's* sweaty cunt crease.

The cover shot resembles a chocolate cake with a thick base, a thin white line of cream and a chocolate slab on top. Could there be a worse job in the world? Even the deranged guy who rims the pig's freshly fucked arsehole in *Color Climax 282* fares better.

WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG II – Jasmine St Clair lets 300 assorted guys go through her and has the audacity to bark orders throughout. "Don't do that! Don't cum on me above my neck or below my stomach! Don't touch me there! Oh, I can't handle this! My manager was right – it's too much!"

Wake up, bitch. You're a cheap black slut with plastic tits and 300 indifferent dicks are going to stab and thrash around inside you. Either lie back and take your lumps, shut up, or fuck off. How can someone so utterly slutty be so whiny and particular? How could a 300-guy gang bang be rendered boring? I'll tell ya how. When a complaining loser like Jasmine St Clair spoils it for everyone.

If only they used a gag.



A **TATTOO** is a costly and painful ordeal that you willingly submit to because you will always carry with you a reminder of your strong convictions and commitment to an abstract artistic depiction that holds deep symbolic appeal and meaning. However, anyone that would befall their body with some half-arsed stain of fuzzy green scribble that broadcasts to all witnesses the casual disregard that the besmirched possess for him/herself, and lack of

consideration for design, expression and self esteem, is a sure contender for being classified a 'loser'. If you want to find the worst examples of tattoo 'art', look no further than prisoners and prostitutes. These people hate life and hate themselves (which is fair enough, as they are wretchedly unlovable). When so many of life's freedoms are denied you, what better way to fight back than to desecrate your body in a ritual of socially sanctioned self mutilation? Why *not* scour your body with inky scratchings of shitty art and angry scribbles?



Since prostitution and porn are closely linked, it's no wonder you find a parade of junkie scraggs blighting your TV screen with their wasted carcasses, smattered with indelible doodles of the worst tattoo 'art'. My all time favourite appears in the succinctly titled ANAL. Featuring a pot bellied and stretch-marked, middle-aged desperado whore whose bargain basement tattoo is a cock and balls splattered over her right arse cheek. To animate this frozen moment, some artistic genius has drawn a series of short, straight lines - emanating from the head of the cock - that progress in a downward arc, consistent with piss. It looks more like a piece of primary school toilet graffiti, with lines so crooked you'd think it was drawn with thick green texta on rough concrete, rather than needle and ink on smooth flesh.

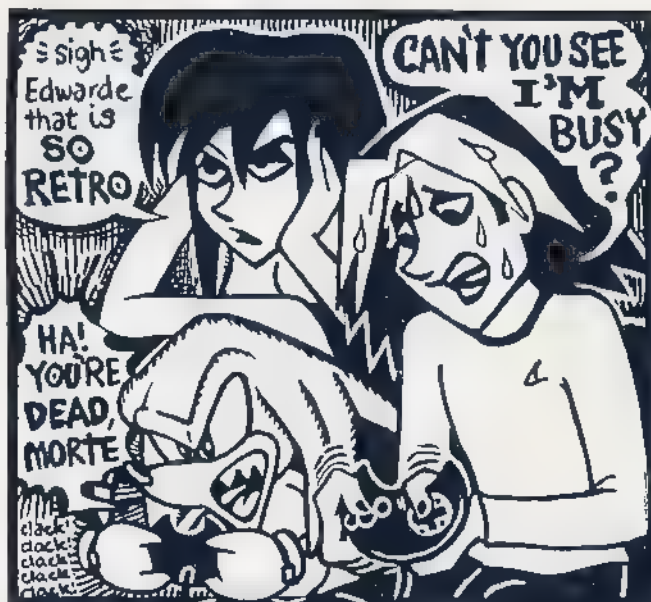
Is there any conceivable situation whereby she could clean herself up and re-invent herself as anything other than a cheap piece of human wreckage? No. Her commitment to the lowest dregs of humanity is absolute and irrevocable.

No 'loser list' would be complete without giving mention to the guy from the **SKANDAL** series. He tirelessly searches the world for the ugliest trollops and once he finds them, he fucks them in public. On bridges, in carparks, in telephone booths, in parks, he's humping away with some flabby housefrau, dumpy secretary, slaggy bone-arsed teen, or the occasional unfortunate retard. Maybe it's because only the ugly are desperate enough to risk arrest, or maybe he just likes it that way. I admire that he can function sexually in freezing cold and cramped enclosures, on concrete park benches and on asphalt, while a steady stream of pedestrians and traffic pass by. I'm especially stunned that he can be aroused when confronted with mottled skin, gawky heads along with a variety of disgusting shapes and sizes. The one thing his uglyhumps have in common is a constant, half apologetic/half ashamed look on their miserable, downcast faces. Yet his sordid indulgences go largely unappreciated simply because the women are pigs. He may be an abject loser, furtively rooting buttuglies in public, but his daring and phenomenal capacity to function in an environment that's so hostile to sexual intimacy elevates him to the status of 'uberloser' - a rare breed of highly functional losers whose ability to be undiscerning is simultaneously disgusting and impressive.









a little later-Edward & Anthony resurface from their V.R. trances.



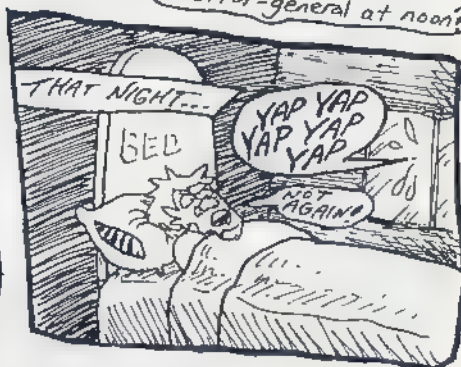
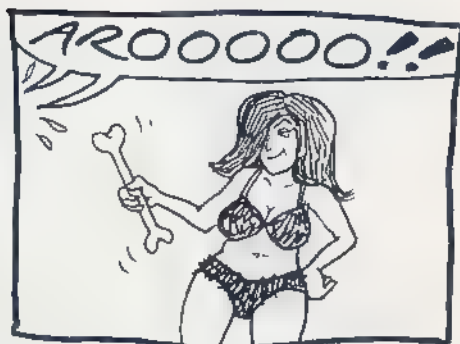


BLACK·LIGHT·ANGELZ GRABER HILL

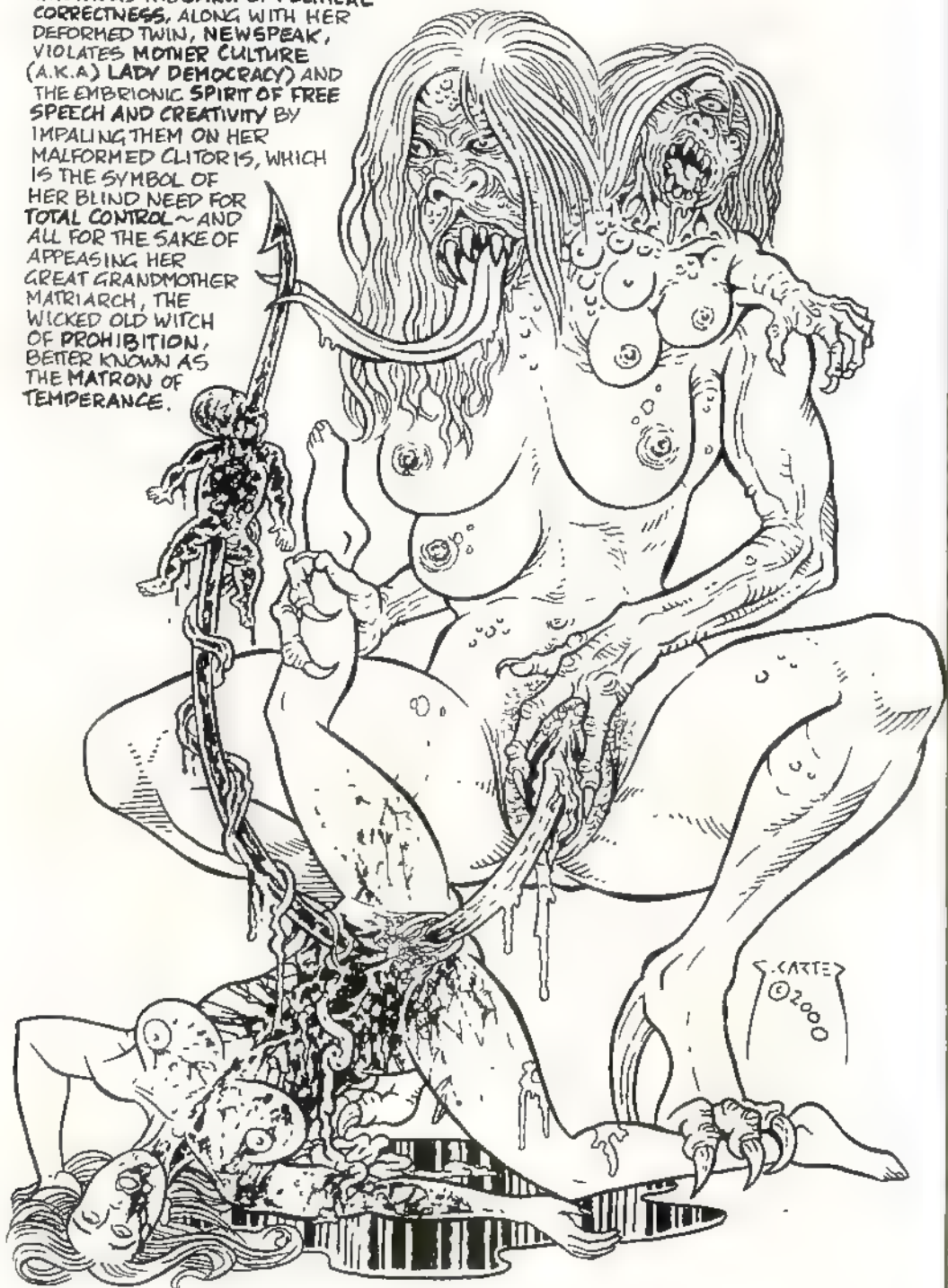
FUNNY DOG

Vol. 1 No. 1
So Big
SunRisa Prod 1999





THE MALIGN DAUGHTER OF FEMINISM,
KNOWN AS THE SPIRIT OF POLITICAL
CORRECTNESS, ALONG WITH HER
DEFORMED TWIN, NEWSPEAK,
VIOLATES MOTHER CULTURE
(A.K.A.) LADY DEMOCRACY) AND
THE EMBRYONIC SPIRIT OF FREE
SPEECH AND CREATIVITY BY
IMPALING THEM ON HER
MALFORMED CLITORIS, WHICH
IS THE SYMBOL OF
HER BLIND NEED FOR
TOTAL CONTROL ~ AND
ALL FOR THE SAKE OF
APPEASING HER
GREAT GRANDMOTHER
Matriarch, THE
WICKED OLD WITCH
OF PROHIBITION,
BETTER KNOWN AS
THE MATRON OF
TEMPERANCE.



RED WORLD (sleazy Scribe) STORIES



Sleazy
Scribe
Syring



Noble
Captain
Slaa



Dwarf
Bosun
Besset





SHORTLY...

I...Umm - must've pushed it in a bit too deep!

UUUUUGH!
PUSH!...
Aha!
Got it!

WHAD'YA MEAN
"I can't get hold of it"?

AAAH! look! isn't it magnificent?

and it's all thanks to Besset's... openness!

She'll want a BIG apology for the indignities you've caused!

I'm sorry... oh! - we ARE a little red and angry...

I say, you're not ALLERGIC to fur, are you?

you'll PAY for this, Scribe...!!

Is this your idea of punishment?

OH YES! - I enjoy a lovely, full-body massage, starting with the sore bits - but HE doesn't get to SEE or FEEL anything!

CURSES!

fin

